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TRINITY VERSE

SELECTIONS FROM

"THE TRINITY TABLET"

1869–1892

"Ne forte credas interitura"

EDITED BY

WILLIAM FRENCH COLLINS '93

AND

RICHARD STAYNER GRAVES '94

HARTFORD CONN.
Press of The Case Lockwood and Brainard Company
1892

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PREFACE

OF late years, verse has constituted a department of college journalism by no means small or unimportant. While it is true that the short story and the essay have now, as formerly, the place of honor in a college paper, yet it is also a fact that no page is read more eagerly and with greater pleasure than the one given to poetic fancies. It is needless to say that the college versifier has his faults, that his work is in a large measure imitative, and in many cases crude, but there certainly is a distinctive character in verse written by young men which it is hard to find elsewhere. It is on this account that we hope that this volume may win a

place for itself and serve as a reminder to the graduate of his college days.

In bringing before the public this book, purporting to be a collection of the best verse which has appeared in THE TRINITY TABLET, the editors are conscious of the imperfections of their work. Both the quantity and the quality of the matter from which the selections have been made have rendered the task of choosing doubly difficult, but the editors will feel rewarded for their labors if this volume is representative of the verse Trinity has contributed to collegiate literature. All the poems here published have appeared in THE TRINITY TABLET, with a few exceptions. We have followed the general form of the many excellent volumes of college verse which have recently appeared, particularly *Williams Verses* and *Dartmouth Lyrics*.

We wish to thank Dr. Samuel Hart for the use of the college files of THE TRINITY TAB-

LET, and Professor C. F. Johnson for valuable assistance in compiling this book.

WILLIAM FRENCH COLLINS,
RICHARD STAYNER GRAVES.

TRINITY COLLEGE, June, 1892.

IN college verse Life's harmony
Finds glad response in hearts yet free
From grief and all the cares of Time,
Though youth may scarcely hope to climb
The sunlit heights of poesy.

We are content if sorrows flee
Before our songs, as merrily
We set our thoughts to rippling rhyme
In college verse.

Of all the glad things that we see,
Of love and joy our songs shall be,
Of soft, spring winds and May bells' chime—
So, Reader, seek no strains sublime
But only joyous melody
In college verse.

TRINITY VERSE

I

MERCUTIO

"A PLAGUE o' both your houses!" Well he knew
  He had his death wound; yet a spirit made
  For mirth and sparkle could not be afraid
Because, forsooth, a rapier thrust him through.
His happy, steadfast nature, ever true
  To friends and honor, through his wit's cascade,
  Gleamed like a silver rock o'er which still played
The dancing waves of fancy, till death drew
  The flood-gates fast forever.

Not alone
Art thou, Verona's ruler, in thy grief,
  Nor are thy citizens the only train
  Of mourners for him. All the world makes moan.
Yet though his sojourn with us was so brief
  His golden fancies ever ours remain.

Henry Marvin Belden

II

TO —— AS SHE PLAYETH

SOFTLY strike upon the strings
Till the answering music rings
Like the ripple of a stream
Running low athwart a dream.

Death stalks ever on the earth,
Grief more frequent is than mirth;
So, half-grave amid the gay,
Let my fancies idly stray.

While thou murmurest 'neath the moon,
Humming to thy strings a tune —
Half-forgotten ballads sweet —
In the shadows' dim retreat,

Faces rise up sharp and stern,
As the souls behind them yearn —
Dead they many years have lain,
"*Reviens amy*" — 'tis in vain.

Froissart writing of the knights,
Villon of the lost delights,
Drayton, Suckling, Lovelace — dead;
Where they passed we two shall tread.

Am I loved as once were they
In the old, impassioned way?
"*Où sont les neiges?*" he sang;
Voices sweet as thine once rang

Clearly as thine own is clear —
Melted with the snows last year —
"*Suis-je, suis-je, suis-je belle?*
Dictes-moy." Who now can tell?

Though enwrapt with tinkling rhyme,
Blotted is her love by time.
Since the flower of thy face
Bloometh but an instant's space,

Let us through our moment's span
Love each other while we can —
In the grave to which we go
Thee, perchance, I shall not know.

Vacant wandering of the mind!
Time and love can no man bind;
Peace my vainly fluttering heart —
"Come, then, let us kiss and part."

Prosser Hall Frye

III

A WIND SONG

HEIGH HO for the winds
That weave the clouds on high,
In a veil of lace, across the face
Of the laughing, summer sky;
That build in the sunset glow
Their gold and crimson bars,
And draw at night their curtains white
Over the blinking stars.

Heigh ho for the winds
That sweep across the plain,
That come and go where the grasses grow,
And billow the fields of grain,
That rustle the forest leaves,
And whisper among the flowers,
And sway the nest in the maple's crest,
All through the sunny hours.

Heigh ho for the winds
  That toss my bonnie's hair,
And come to seek in each white cheek
  The roses hidden there.
But soft may the lullaby be,
  O summer winds from the west,
When the silver bow of the moon hangs low
  And my bonnie's gone to rest!

Robert Clarkson Tongue,

IV

PERSIUS, SAT. III 35–43

GREAT King of Heaven, if thy avenging hand
Would fall on cruel tyrants, greater woe
Thou ne'er canst send, than when with natures stirred
By fiercest passions poisoning all their life,
Virtue they see, and mourn, too late, its loss.
Less terrible the groans from brazen bull
Of Sicily, or sword that trembling hung
From gilded cornice o'er the revellers
In purple clad, than is the voice within
That whispers to the heart, "We go, we go
Headlong adown the steeps, we know not where."
'Tis then the very soul grows pale with fear,
Nor dearest friend the mystery can read.

John Williams

V

SONG

THE crickets chirp and the night winds sigh,
The round moon rises, the light draws nigh;
Then come, my love, and away we'll fly
Over the fields of sleep.

There's naught to lighten but moon and star,
All things are different now by far
From those which the gleaming sun doth mar—
Mars for the realm of sleep.

Then come, my love, and away with me,
Far up to the moon and stars we'll flee,
Where the sources of love and longing be,
High in the fields of sleep.

Prosser Hall Frye

VI

LIFE'S GREETING

AT my good inn, The World, you may have rest
One night, fair sir. Eat, drink, be merry;
Then up at dawn, for at his ferry,
Death waits, and for thy room another guest.

Arthur Leslie Green

VII

IMAGINATION

A TOOL, that in the skillful master's hand
The buried beauty which rough blocks enfold
Evolves. Oft times, a vein of precious gold
Yet undiscovered. And anon a shame;
A gift abused; the holy altar flame
Kindling red ruin like a ruthless brand.

Robert Peck Bates

VIII

LOVE'S SERVICE

LOVE called to a young man winningly,
"Come, join the ranks of my company,
And take the field in my service."

But the young man said, "There are other things
Than blushes and kisses and flowers and rings,
Of far more worth than your service.

"There's business and sport and pleasure and art;
Your war is a folly, your weapon a dart;
I've no time to spare for your service."

Love turned lightly away when he heard the rebuff,
For young volunteers were more than enough
To fill up the ranks of his service.

But Time, going past, made clear to the man
That they are the wisest who join when they can
The worshipful ranks of Love's service.

So the man brought to Love his jewels and coin;
Forgetting his years, he thought he would join
The throng who pressed to Love's service.

But Love answered lightly, "The day has gone by;
A sear autumn leaf is too thin and too dry
For a garland worn in my service.

"You can buy, if you like, a friendly regard,
And perhaps it may seem, if you try very hard,
As if you were in my service.

"But the raw recruits for my household guard
I take from the young; the old are debarred
From the Entrance Exam. to my service.

The countersign's 'Youth.' Can you give it?"
"Ah, no."
"Then right about face. You're too old, and too slow
To learn the details of my service."

IX

L'ESTUDIANTINA

I LAUGHED to-day, to find I've kept with care
This card of dances,
Midst other rubbish—*souvenirs de guerre,*
Half-read romances.

Those mark such flames as lightly go and come—
Old records thermometric—
In this alone there seems to linger some
Residual charge electric.

Six years ago it was, we chanced to meet—
A german's closing scena.
We went outside, the waltz throbbed low and sweet,
L'Estudiantina.

She chatted of the partners she had met
In the dance's mazes;
I was content to watch—*en silhouette*—
Her face's phases.

So fair it was—like those monks used to paint
In missals olden—

For round her head the moon had made — fair saint! —
An aureole golden.

And in her lap her little hand, half turned,
Lay white and slender,
While from her rings the strange fires flamed and burned,
Now fierce, now tender.

She talked, I harkened — how she loved to sing —
Of death by drowning —
Of Heine — Haggard — and that "dreadful thing"
By Robert Browning.

Then a quick sigh — her evening so near done,
Her roses, ashes —
As if to aught than joy the rising sun
Could lift her lashes!

"You know I'm just through school," she shyly said.
I feigned amazement,
Though truth, not guile, long since in all, I read,
Her artless ways meant.

Mamma had evidently reared her child
In good old fashion.
Her frock was white — the cut, *au pension*, styled
With wide-bowed sash on.

"Papa, you see, won't hear of my début
Until next season."
A wistful glance. "I don't see what, do you,
Can be his reason?"

"Papa is poky." Sigh. "This evening shows
A rare good nature."
I gravely hinted that she bring her woes
Before the Legislature.

Dear child — that grief sped soon enough away
With speeding morrow.
God grant there came not with the later day
Some deeper sorrow.

And I — old graybeard! 'Twas for this fate drew
Me from the million,
Safe man to guide this maiden safely through
The gay cotillion!

I — well — I'm somewhat grayer — play my part,
A gnarled old cynic.
None but a doctor 'll ever touch my heart —
Post-mortem clinic.

But sometimes, "when upon my couch I lie,"
Before me flashes
A gleaming, slender throat, proud head held high,
Long, downcast lashes.

Then as my heart warms, and the veil's withdrawn,
With vision youthful
I see the glistening moonlight, dewy lawn,
And deep eyes truthful.

A sleepy song breaks from some half-waked thrush —
The moon had seen her ! —
Then, throbbing faintly through the fragrant hush,
L'Estudiantina.

She — to some worthier man the binding word
Long since she's spoken ;
This — from this nameless rubbish disinterred,
This, — *my* sole token.

Those mark such flames as lightly go and come —
Old records thermometric —
In this alone there seems to linger some
Residual charge electric.

Clarence Griffin Child

X

TRINITY ECHOES

SING, sing, loud let us sing.
Our cares away we fling.
For friends are dear and hearts are free.
Come, share our joy with song and glee.
Oh! let the echoes ring
At Trinity!

Sing, sing, sadly sing.
Some songs regret will bring.
Our hearts it rends to part from friends,
And time will never make amends.
Some songs regret will bring
At Trinity!

Sing, sing, gladly sing.
Still let the echoes ring.
We'll fear no storm while hearts are warm,
No shock can love and friendship harm.
Still let the echoes ring
At Trinity!

Melville Knox Bailey

XI

PAST PRIME

I JUDGE by this quiescence I am old.
I watch the dark, damp shadows 'neath the hill
At eventide, calmly; without a thrill
I see the glory of the sunset rolled
Up to the zenith; crimson heaped on gold
Moves not my heart so still, so deadly still;
Nor those last notes the tender thrushes trill
To reassure their mates while shades infold
The sombre earth.

Then when the crickets sing
In multitudes their simple songs that show
The little lives beside the great, they bring
No longings as they used; while to and fro
The winds of autumn in the tree-tops swing,
But have no voice — and I am old I know.

Prosser Hall Frye

XII

A DILEMMA

HERE'S such a dilemma!
  Now what would you do?
I am quite fond of Emma,
  But then I think Sue
Likes me better than Emma.
Now, here's a dilemma,
For, you see, I like Emma.
  Come! What would you do?

Would you make love to Sue
  And so solve the dilemma,
Notwithstanding that you
  Would much prefer Emma?
Would that really do
Both for you and for Sue?
No, it wouldn't, that's true.
  'Tis a much worse dilemma!

But supposing that you
  Were rejected by Emma,
Having first jilted Sue —
  What a frightful dilemma!
  You wouldn't have Emma,
Sue wouldn't have you —
  Behold the dilemma!
Now, *what* would you do?

William French Collins

XIII

HER SATIN FAN

RONDEAU

HER satin fan is wondrous white.
Its frame with smoothest ivory bright
Is twined and carved in subtle plan
To snare the wayward heart of man—
Oh, tempt thou not its magic might!

'Tis wreathed around with swansdown light,
And on its shining side a flight
Of painted swallows quaint doth span
Her satin fan.

Thou foolish one, beware the sight,
Or rue in vain thy hapless plight,
A slave within her captives' van,
If thou her loveliness wilt scan
When seemeth softly to invite
Her satin fan.

James Goodwin

XIV

NEW ENGLAND

O MOTHER of our land,
  Is our love fled away
  Because thy hair is gray
And hard and thin thy hand?

Stern struggles with the soil
  Of thy rough, barren hills
  And wind that stiffs and chills—
We know thy bitter toil.

No longer young and fair
  Art thou, as thou hast been;
  No. Stern thy mouth, and thin
Thy lips, and sad thine air.

Since thy young motherhood
  Thou hast been sore beset
  By toil and pain, to get
Enough to feed thy brood.

The life which thou hast known
  Has brought no holidays,
  Nor taught thee winning ways
To hold their love when grown.

The easy, generous grace
  Which comes of peaceful life
  Flees from the weary strife
Whose scars are on thy face.

From dawning, in the frost,
  Till after twilight came
  Thy work was still the same;
No moment might be lost.

And so thy sons have grown
  Strong, rich in life and thought
  And goods thy toil hath brought
And harvests thou hast sown.

And now they mock thy ways,
  And, through the mighty West
  Advancing, scorn the nest
That nursed their younger days.

There are a few who stay
  Whose eyes have learned to see
  Thy voiceless majesty
Even in its robes of gray.

Who see the eager pain
  That works upon thy face —
  Though thou wouldst hide its trace —
When love is foiled again.

Thou couldst not speak thy love,
  Thou canst not speak thy grief;
  There might be some relief
In utterance thereof.

But thy words still are deeds,
  And still thy deeds are words
  Save to the soulless herds
That know not flowers from weeds.

O mother of our land,
  Upon thy thousand hills
  Sitting, what glory fills
Thy face of high command!

The will and power to do
  Through heat and frost and rain
  Thy work, and not complain,
Shall have their fruit in you.

Thy God is still above;
  Thy children shall arise
  And with anointed eyes
See and reward thy love!

Henry Marvin Belden

XV

TRINITY COLLEGE

O NOBLE edifice to truth and thought,
A mighty monument thou hast been reared!
Commemorating by thy walls revered
That triune harmony which, in thee sought,
Shall in thy sons find true fulfillment wrought.
Those three-fold powers, the body, mind, and soul,
Perfected, shall by lofty deeds extol
Thy name which is with greatness richly fraught.

Beneath the shadow of thy classic walls,
We learn the mystery — that life appals,
Not death — that we are but the slender strand
Which binds the lowest to infinity —
That each is part of great humanity;
And learning this, we go forth to command.

William Leslie French

XVI

A SONG

"O SOFT, soft winds, loose Cinthea's hair,
Till it is flowing free,
And bear its fragrance o'er the air
Across the Southern sea.

"And then, whene'er the North-wind blows,
I'll dream, dear one, of thee,
As softer, softer, softer grows,
The breeze that wafts it me."

So the lover cried as he sailed away,
And her grief was sad to see—
But he lay dead when the year was gray,
Beside the Southern sea.

Ah, vain the words the North-wind bore,
And the scent of her hair loosed free,
For it found him dead upon the shore,
Beside the Southern sea.

Henry Hulbert Porter

XVII

SO IT DOES

WHEN he parted from the maiden,
Tender was he to the maiden,
Whispered low, "O loved one ponder,
'Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Absence makes the spirit warmer.' "

"Yeth," replied the radiant maiden,
Lisped the blushing, brown-eyed maiden.
"'Twill conthole you ath you wander,
Absinthe *doth* make thpirith warmer."

Harry Safford Candee

XVIII

FOR SALE

A HORSE

IN good condition,
Cheap, on account of competition,
Well-broken, easy on his bridle,
With curb or snaffle never idle.
A very little child can ride him,
And carry three or four beside him.
Why plod when you can ride so cheaply?
There is no need to ponder deeply,
I'll warrant he'll not bite nor kick you,
I've not the slightest wish to stick you!
However short you are, you're suited,
For low-stand men can mount when booted.
Come, buy my steed with manner gracious.
He'll aid your reading of Horatius.

Charles Edward Taylor

XIX

THE GRECO-TROJAN GAME

FIRST on the ground appeared the god-like Trojan Eleven,
Shining in purple and black, with tight and well-fitting sweaters,
Woven by Andromache in the well-ordered palace of Priam.
After them came, in goodly array, the players of Hellas,
Skilled in kicking and blocking and tackling and fooling the umpire.
All advanced on the field marked off with white alabaster,
Level and square and true — at the ends two goal posts erected,
Richly adorned with silver and gold and carved at the corners,
Bearing a legend which read, "Don't talk back at the umpire" —
Rule, first given by Zeus, for the guidance of voluble mortals.
All the rules of the game were deeply cut in the crossbars,
So that the players might know exactly how to evade them.

. . . . . .

On one side of the field were ranged the Trojan spectators,
Yelling in composite language their ancient Phrygian war-cry:
"Hohaytoe, Twotaistwo, Tontaintoe; Boomerah, Boomerah, Trojans!"
And on the other, the Greeks, fair-haired and ready to halloo,
If occasion should offer and Zeus should grant them a touch-down,
"Breck-ek kek-kex-koax-Anax andron, Agamemnon!"
First they agreed on an umpire, the silver-tongued Nestor.
Long years ago he played end-rush on the Argive eleven;
He was admitted by all to be an excellent umpire
Save for the habit he had of making public addresses,
Tedious, long-winded and dull, and full of minute explanations,
How they used to play in the days when Cadmus was half-back,
Or how Hermes could dodge, and Ares and Phœbus could tackle,
Couched in rhythmical language but not one whit to the purpose.
On his white hairs they carefully placed the sacred tiara,
Worn by the foot-ball umpires of old as a badge of their office,

Also to save their heads, in case the players should slug them.
Then they gave him a spear wherewith to enforce his decisions
And to stick in the ground to mark the place to line up to.
He advanced to the thirty-yard line and began an oration:
"Listen, Trojans and Greeks! For thirty-five seasons,
"I played foot-ball in Greece with Peleus for half-back and captain.
"Those were the days of old when men played the game as they'd orter.
"Once, I remember, Æacus, the god-like son of Poseidon
"Kicked the ball from a drop, clean over the city of Argos.
"That was the game when Peleus, our captain lost all his front teeth;
"Little we cared for teeth or eyes when once we were warmed up.
"Why, I remember that Æacus ran so that no one could see him,
"There was just a long hole in the air and a man at the end on't.
"Hercules umpired that game, and I noticed there wasn't much talking—"
Him interrupting, sternly addressed the King Agamemnon:
"Cease old man; come off your antediluvian boasting;

"Doubtless our grandpas could all play the game as well as they knew how.
"They are all dead, and have long lined up in the fields of Elysium;
"If they were here we would wipe up the ground with the rusty old duffers.
"You call the game, and keep your eye fixed on the helmeted Hector.
"He'll play off-side all the while, if he thinks the umpire don't see him."
Then the old man threw the lots, but sore was his heart in his bosom.
"Troy has the kick-off," he said, "the ball is yours, noble Hector."
Then he gave him the ball, a prolate spheroid of leather,
Much like the world in its shape, if the world were lengthened, not flattened,
Covered with well-sewed leather—the well-seasoned hide of a bison,
Killed by Lakon, the hunter, 'ere bisons were exterminated.
On it was painted a battle, a market, a piece of the ocean,
Horses and cows and nymphs and things too many to mention.

. . . . . .

Ajax stood on the right; in the center the great Agamemnon;
Diomed crouched on the left, the god-like rusher and tackler—

Crouched as a panther crouches, if sculptors do
justice to panthers.
Crafty Ulysses played back, for none of the
Trojans could pass him.
All the best Greeks were in line, but Podas Okus
Achilleus,
Who though an excellent kicker, stayed all day
in his section.

. . . . . .

Hector dribbled the ball, then seized it and put-
ting his head down,
And, as a lion carries a lamb and jumps over
fences—
Dodging this way and that way the shepherds
who wish to remonstrate—
So did the son of Priam carry the ball through
the rush line,
Till he was tackled fair by the half-back, the
crafty Ulysses.
Even then he carried the ball and the son of
Laertes
Full five yards till they fell to the ground with a
deep indentation
Where one might hide three men so that no man
could see them—
Men of the present day, degenerate sons of the
heroes—

. . . . . .

Now, when Pallas Athene discovered the Greeks
would be beaten,
She slid down from the steep of Olympus upon
a toboggan.

Sudden she came before crafty Ulysses in guise like a maiden,
Not that she thought to fool him, but since Olympian fashion
Made the form of a woman good form for a goddess' assumption.
She then spoke to him quickly, and said, "O son of Laertes,
Seize thou the ball; I will pass it to thee and trip up the Trojan,"
Her replying, slowly reworded the son of Laertes—
"That I will do, O goddess divine, for he can outrun me."
Then when the ball was in play, she cast thick darkness around it.
Also around Ulysses she poured invisible darkness.
Under this cover, taking the ball he passed down the middle,
Silent and swift, unseen, unnoticed, unblocked, and untackled.
Meanwhile she piled the Greeks and the Trojans in conglomeration.
Much like a tangle of pine trees where lightning has frequently fallen;
Or like a basket of lobsters and crabs which the provident housewife
Dumps on the kitchen floor and vainly endeavors to count them,
So seemed the legs and the arms and the heads of the twenty-one players.

Sudden, a shout arose, for under the cross-bar, Ulysses,
Visible, sat on the ball, quietly making a touch-down;
On the tip of his nose were his thumb and fingers extended
Curved, and vibrating slow in the sign of the blameless Egyptians.
Violent language came to the lips of the helmeted Hector,
But all he said was, "I claim foul, Mr. Umpire"—
"Touch-down for Greece," said Nestor, "'twixt you and me and the goal-post
"I lost sight of the ball in a very singular manner."

. . . . . .

Then they carried the sphere back to the twenty-five yard line.
Prone on the ground lay a Greek — the leather was poised in his fingers.
Thrice Agamemnon adjusted the sphere with deliberation;
Then he drew back as a ram draws back for deadly encounter.
Then he tripped lightly ahead, and brought his sandal in contact,
Right at the point; straight flew the ball right over the cross-bar,
While like the cries of pygmies and cranes the race-yell resounded —
"Breck-ek, kek-kex-koax-Anax andron, Agamemnon!"

XX

LIFE AND LOVE

"*Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus.*"

LET us live while the heart is lightest,
  Let us love while the heart is strong,
And laugh while the day is brightest,
  And quicken the morn with song;
Let us mourn for no joy untasted,
  Let us envy no bliss gone by;
The pleasure ungrasped is wasted.
  To-morrow, we die, we die!

Let us quaff from the crystal, showing
  The wine on the beaded rim;
Let us gather the fruitage glowing
  Full ripe on the bending limb.
To-morrow the bowl is shattered.
  E'er ever the shards be dry,
The fruit is withered and scattered.
  To-morrow, we die, we die!

To-day is for love and kisses,
  With life at its golden prime;
A century's wealth of blisses
  We reap in a moment's time.
The heart keeps time to the measure,
  While the harp of love rings high,
To-day is for love and pleasure.
  To-morrow, we die, we die!

Robert Clarkson Tongue

XXI

BALLADE

WITHOUT in the storm of the wintry night
The leafless branches are tossed to and fro;
The dreary landscape is hidden from sight,
And the window is white with the falling snow.
But within, by the firelight's ruddy glow,
With never a thought of the cold or sleet,
Where the flames their flickering shadows throw,
I gaze on the picture of Marguerite!

Her eyes smile back with the same loving light
That tells of the past which both of us know—
But the summer has fled before winter's blight,
And the window is white with the falling snow.
So 'twas only a fancy that, soft and low,
There came to my ears, so dreamily sweet,
The last waltz we danced a summer ago—
I gaze on the picture of Marguerite!

Yet why should we think with regret of time's flight?
The past must remain for weal or for woe.
We all have our thoughts when the fire is bright,
And the window is white with the falling snow.

We should take whatever the fates may be-
stow
And yield what they ask — yet though it is meet
For preachers to practice the truths that they
show,
I gaze on the picture of Marguerite!

Envoy

When the flames their flickering shadows throw
And the window is white with the falling snow,
With memories sad and with memories sweet,
I gaze on the picture of Marguerite!

William French Collins

XXII

MY GREAT AUNT'S FAN

IT was my great aunt's, this old-fashioned fan
Of painted silk and yellowed ivory,
O'er which fat cupids sprawl. The moths I see
Have eaten that one's legs. Now if a man
Were minded he might moralize; might scan
The frail and flimsy toy, reflect that she,
Who fluttered it so lightly once, must be
Dry dust — that life at best is but a span.

In fact I took it from the cabinet
With some such pious purpose. Truth to say,
I'd planned a sonnet. "Vanity!" it ran,
But these droll elves have made me quite forget
My sombre text. Why not dance through life, gay
As these plump cherubs on my great-aunt's fan?

Arthur Leslie Green

XXIII

ICELAND

O RUGGED land with hidden heart of fire,
Girt by the northern sea, home of that race
To which thy rocks were pleasant as the place
Of feasting is to lesser men, still higher
And higher, while Hecla lights thy funeral pyre,
The shroud is drawn by inches o'er thy face,
The ice sheet slowly crawls with chill embrace,
And homes and fields are whelmed in ruin dire.

Oh, what a living death! Happier far
To burn in clash of some onrushing star,
To know glad life in one mad moment lost,
Than this dull close of chilling eld and frost.
But thus they say the world will meet her doom,
Creeping, half conscious, to an icy tomb.

XXIV

MOTIVELESS

I PEER into those laughing eyes
  To see what they denote,
If she my love will e'er despise;
My ardor brings with feigned surprise,
  "You're looking for the mote?"

"Ah, no!" I eagerly insist,
  "My motive you ne'er dreamed,
But let me see, e'er I desist,
If any beams for me exist,"
  And then of course — she beamed.

Harry Safford Candee

XXV

A FEARFUL STRAIT

WILL chapel wait
A minute late?
It is my fate
At half-past eight,
Insatiate,
To suffocate
From what I ate.
Procrastinate,
Thou vertebrate,
Who guard'st the gate.
You whom I hate,
With hate so great,
Inveterate,
That here I'll state,
Unless you'll wait
A minute late,
We'll separate
Till half-past eight
Six weeks from date.

Charles Edward Taylor

XXVI

A SERENADE

DEAREST, dream of me though dreaming
  Brings thee joy or brings thee woe.
Whisper, all thy love confessing,
  In thy dreams. Will I not know?

Kiss me in thy dreams believing
  That thy kisses are not vain,
Smile, O dearest, e'en though dreaming
  That I give them back again.

Dream, dear, that my arms, protecting,
  Keep thee safe from every ill,
While the moon, God's eye, beholding,
  Guards us both. So dream, dear, still.

George William Ellis

XXVII

AUF WIEDERSEHN

IN the brown of her eyes
  A soft light lies,
The light of her upturned face.
  The slow retreat
  Of the cadence sweet
With the roses and ribbons and lace.
  The soft refrain,
  The dying strain,
The waltz is our last, "*Auf Wiedersehn!*"

Harry Safford Candee

XXVIII

DEDICATED TO TWO FAIR UNKNOWNS

SWEET faces were smiling, soft glances were flashing
From silken-lashed eyes of deep blue or soft brown,
And the new hall was crowded with fairy-like figures,
For our Glee Club was singing in Farmington town.

As my eyes wandered over the long lines of faces,
My head seemed to spin and madly to whirl,
For what is so charming, bewildering, enchanting,
As that flirtatious creature — the Farmington girl?

And one pretty maid, with a face like a picture,
Caused my pulses to thrill and my heart palpitate.
Ah! here was that maid whom so long I had dreamed of—
But alas for "Love's Dreamland," I'd found her too late!

For her white, taper fingers were clasped by another.
Another's arm circled the waist of the miss;
And as she glanced upward, with eyes full of love-light,
I swear I detected the sound of a kiss.

Not a cent did they care for the people around them,
Unheeded were sighs and soft glances from me,
And on pinions of love their souls even surmounted
The blood-curdling howls of our "Wild Western Three."

And yet in my heart no wild fury impelled me
To revenge on the lover my burden of woe,
But instead rose a doubt, profound and perplexing,
As to which I loved better — the maid or her beau.

Such a dear little beau! with her dark hair a-curling,
And the sweetest of smiles and the daintiest blush;
For my lovers were only a couple of school-girls
Enjoying the bliss of a "Farmington crush."

Edward McPherson McCook

XXIX

RONDEAU

Martial — Book VI, Epigram 34

HOW many, sweet? You bid me say
How many times I'll kiss to-day?
Nor shells on blue Aegean's shore,
Nor ocean's waves can number more
Than kisses I shall take to-day.

How many bees work, drone, and play
On steep Hymettus in the May?
Reply. I can not tell before.
How many, sweet?

Catullus did of Lesbia pray
A thousand kisses without stay,
A hundred next, a thousand more,
And second hundred filled his score.
He wants few kisses who can say
How many, sweet!

Charles Edward Taylor

XXX

POSTGRADUATE

THE dark, old Bishop standing there
Still spreads his brazen arms in prayer;
Old Northam rears against the sky
Its massy bulwark, gray and high,
Unheeding how the life below
May change or chance, may ebb or flow;
And bits of song and pleasant talk
Still sound along the college walk—
Old jests I knew, old songs I sung,
When hope was high, and life was young.

All is the same, yet not the same,
As on the morning when I came,
A Freshman, to these classic halls.
The life I passed within those walls
Has grown so dim that now it seems
A gauzy fabric spun in dreams.
Ah well! I am not all bereft,
For yet one faithful friend is left
Unchanged by age, unmoved by care,
The dark, old Bishop standing there.

Robert Clarkson Tongue

XXXI

GOD'S ACRE

A Roadside Study

LOW walls, which the wild vines creep over;
  Gray stones, amid tall flowers and grass;
Red poppies and daisies and clover
  Which pirate bees sack as they pass.
Overhead skims a swift, silver swallow,
  O'er the wheat-fields its brief shadow waves;
'Neath the stones, sunk deep in their hollow,
  The dead in their graves.

Arthur Leslie Green

XXXII

CIRCE

STRANGE eyes of topaz — eyes that seize and hold
  Like some sleek snake's. Her girded gown's dull red
Scarce shows beneath her burnished hair's red gold
That coiling groundward, shining, fold on fold,
Half hides one naked foot—a sculptor's mould!—
  That rests upon a panther's snarling head.

Arthur Leslie Green

XXXIII

AND THIS IS FATE

TWO shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed.
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
And, all unconsciously, shape every act
And lend each wandering step to this one end,
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space from left to right,
They needs must be acknowledged face to face.
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days
And die unsatisfied — and this is Fate.

XXXIV

NYDIA

THOU could'st not see the sun's first welcome beam
Kiss the blue waves of the expectant bay.
The changing glories of the summer day
Were not for thee — nor could'st thou see the gleam
Of moonlight on the waters. Thou could'st dream
At most of this world's beauty — for thy way
Was one of darkness, with no cheering ray
To touch with glory thy life's sad, dull stream.

Yet thou hadst that which men might die to gain,
Which neither gold nor fame nor length of years
Bestows. For thou could'st read life's mystic scroll
With thy blind eyes, and see its joy and pain,
Its mirth and grief, its laughter and its tears,
By the pure light of an unspotted soul.

William French Collins

XXXV

LOVE'S SECRET

WELL I know she is not handsome,
She can neither sing nor dance;
But I strangely am attracted
By each careless nod and glance
Of my Madeline.

Quite a philanthropic feeling
Is my love, so true and rare,
For she's burdened with great riches;
In which burden I would share
With my Madeline.

From such heavy care to shield her
Each and every purpose tends.
I will help to clip the coupons,
And I'll draw the dividends
Of my Madeline.

Robert Peek Bates

XXXVI

AT SET OF SUN

A SCAFFOLD and a crowd. No breath of sound.
His eyes fixed westward, where the Day's strength wanes
And ebbs from many wounds whose red blood stains
The purple of the hills that watch around
Like stern and silent thanes, their fierce brows crowned
With crowns of gold, their swords and mantles wet
With blood of their slain king. "He Dies At Set
Of Sun," his sentence ran. Along the ground
The scaffold's stealthy shadow creeps.

One breath
Indrawn and hoarse grates harsh, as from his face
The red glow fades, and on the hill's bold brow
He sees the dying flame grow dull, and now
Flare fiercely forth, then sink, and all the place
Grow gray and haggard as the face of Death.

Arthur Leslie Green

XXXVII

A WISH

I WOULD I were a gold lorgnette,
  A dainty, trifling thing,
By which Bess weaves me in her net
  And makes love's arrows sting.

To be so near those eyes of blue
  Were paradise indeed.
Held lightly by those hands in view,
  What bliss could I then need?

And though in most things we agree
  And are sincere and true,
I, like the lorgnette, would not be
  So easily seen through!

Charles Clarence Barton

XXXVIII

TWO TO ONE

WE played at cards in early fall,
The trump was hearts. She held them all.
We played at cards.
She won.

We played at love one day in June,
One long-remembered afternoon.
We played at love.
I won.

He played at church — the organist —
A bride was rapturously kissed.
He played at church.
We're one.

Charles Edward Taylor

XXXIX

A TRIAL SCENE

(*The Judge's Charge*)

"CAN you show cause,
Just cause, why we
Should not send thee
Away?"—A pause.

(*The Criminal's Plea*)

"The fault's your own;
The Faculty
In fact worked me
To *skin* and *Bohn!*"

Arthur Leslie Green

XL

A SUNRISE IN DEVON

OH! who would have thought it,
  Or maiden or lover?
That 'mid the red roses
Where sunlight reposes,
  My love I'd discover
  'Mid a bed of red roses!
Oh! who would have thought it?

Oh! who would have thought it?
  That the dawn in its breaking
Should tempt a fair maiden,
With happy hopes laden,
  To seek on awaking
  A bed of red roses!
Oh! who would have thought it?

Oh! who would have thought it?
  That another should wander
Abroad that same morning,
All thought of sleep scorning,
  His sad lot to ponder
  'Mid a bed of red roses!
Oh! who would have thought it?

Oh! who would have thought it?
  That love was there hiding!
And roused from his sleeping,
Should, slyly outpeeping,
  Reveal his abiding
  In a bed of red roses!
Oh! who would have thought it?

Oh! who would have thought it?
  That a sunrise in Devon,
With notes of birds singing,
And a hand in mine clinging,
  Should make so like heaven
  A bed of red roses!
Oh! who would have thought it?

William Hunter Birckhead

XLI

ODE FROM ANACREON

Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρειδας

I FAIN would tune the chord
  To praise Mycenae's lord,
And how his mighty sword
Laid heaps of Phrygian slain
Upon the Trojan plain,
And strive to raise the strain,
To tell the Tyrian chief's renown,
Who built the mighty Theban town
  By Dirce's sacred grove;
But evermore my lyre,
With trembling, sweet desire,
Upon its throbbing wire,
  Re-echoes songs of love.

Resolved to change the lay,
I threw, the other day,
My plectrum far away,
And altered every string;
Full loudly would I sing
Of many an ancient king,
And how Alcides, strong and bold,
Was raised from earth, in days of old,

To dwell with gods above;
But evermore my lyre,
With trembling, sweet desire,
Upon its throbbing wire,
Re-echoes songs of love.

Of haughty lord and dame,
Of bloody fields of fame,
Of those, who, for a name,
Their peace and honor sell,
I can no longer tell;
Ye heroes, all, farewell!
The clash of armor I forget,
And with each moment's fancy let
My listless fingers rove;
And evermore my lyre,
With trembling, sweet desire,
Upon its throbbing wire,
Shall echo songs of love!

George Otis Holbrook

XLII

BEAUTY

PRAISE God for beauty! When the cloud shuts in
  Thickly upon us, and the mutinous soul
  Mocks with a cynic sneer its own control
And sees not, in the mist, aught it should win
By striving further, since all things begin
  And end in emptiness — an empty goal,
  Then, though the fogs still hover 'round the pole,
And we know not what shall be or has been,

God sends something of beauty o'er our bows —
  A face, a form, a color, or a tone,
  Some little fragment from about his throne
Fraught with sweet might the spirit to arouse
And lead it forth from out those stagnant sloughs
  To regions where God's beauty reigns alone.

Henry Marvin Belden

XLIII

SONG

THE deeper the river,
  The slower the stream;
The longer the darkness,
  The sweeter the dream.

The greater thy coldness,
  The deeper my pain;
If thou smile upon me
  Joy cometh again.

The sun is but darkness,
  Thy face is my light;
If thou art not present,
  The noon-day is night.

The stars' gleam at midnight
  Is caught in thy hair;
The rose flush of morning
  Thy lips ever bear.

Thy eyes have the shimmer
  Of vaporous moons;
Thy voice hath the music
  Of mystical tunes.

Prosser Hall Frye

XLIV

NOT TO BE

I SHALL lie down, and none will me arouse
In the care-taking morning or the swoon
Of the still, languorous, warm afternoon
When by the deeper brooks the cattle browse,
Or day's suspension when the sun doth house
His aching head beyond the ribbing dune
In the curved ocean or the night of moon
And falling stars — but I shall always drowse.

Life will go on, for those who cannot choose,
In the familiar way — the startled flame
Of chafing and impassioned blood suffuse
The cheeks of men and women till they name
Old futile questions to the life I lose,
And getting no reply embrace their shame.

Prosser Hall Frye

XLV

WHEN?

SOME day she will come — but when will she?
  Now I am not one who complains,
And sets forth all his woes and misfortunes
  In plaintive and heart-rending strains,
But I should like to ask just one question
  Whose justice all persons can see,
Regarding my predestined sweetheart
  And when she is coming to me!

Some day she will come — but when will she?
  Among all the maidens I've met —
And to some I've been fairly attentive! —
  I haven't discovered her yet,
And the most mournful part of the story,
  Sad, indeed, as the statement may be,
Is the fact that all those most attractive
  Have seldom, if ever, liked me!

Some day she will come — but when will she?
  Ah, poets who sing of those eyes
In whose depths lovers find inspiration,
  Pray where shall I draw my supplies?
Who will double my joys, halve my sorrows,
  And make me most favored of men?
I suppose that some day I shall find her,
  But the question in my mind is — when?

William French Collins

XLVI

THE REASON WHY

THE Junior burns the midnight oil
  O'er work too long delayed.
Why does he burn the midnight oil?
  His gas-bill is unpaid.

Charles Edward Taylor

XLVII

RONDEAU

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOITURE

"*Ma foi, c'est fait de moi, car Isabeau.*"

BY Jove, I'm done for now, for Isabeau
Has conjured me to write her a rondeau.
This renders my embarrassment extreme.
What! thirteen lines to rhyme with *eau* or *eme!*
'Twere easier to build a boat, I know.

And now but five are done — a modest show.
The writing of a rondeau must be slow.
Now seven — now eight — add to complete the scheme;
By Jove, I'm done!

Again five verses must be writ in row,
Each verse in rhyme and metre so-and-so.
Eleven are done, and now I really seem
Near finished. Adding one more rhyme — say *deem,*
To close, I simply have to write below:
By Jove, I'm done!

Charles Edward Taylor

XLVIII

IN PASSING

A HAPPY, laughing child with no thought of the morrow —
A beggar, worn and old, who crouches at his feet;
Lo! For a moment joy is face to face with sorrow —
Then both are lost within the crowded city street.

William French Collins

XLIX

BURY THY DEAD

DUST to grey dust and grey ashes to ashes.
Nay! sorrow is strength, O my belovèd,
Put by thy sad robes, wipe dry thy wet lashes,
Stern life calls without, "Come, bury thy dead."

Arthur Leslie Green

L

'NEATH THE ELMS

'NEATH the Elms of our old Trinity!
'Neath the Elms of our old Trinity!
No more shall we meet,
Our classmates to greet,
'Neath the Elms of our old Trinity!

'Neath the Elms of our old Trinity!
'Neath the Elms of our old Trinity!
Oh, its seldom we'll meet,
In the moonlight so sweet,
'Neath the Elms of our old Trinity!

On the hills of our old Trinity!
In the halls of our old Trinity!
There is right merry cheer,
There are friends true and dear,
In the halls of our old Trinity!

College days are from care and sorrow free.
And oft will we seek in memory
The days that are past,
Far too joyous to last,
'Neath the Elms of our old Trinity!

Then sing to our old Trinity!
To our dear, old Alma Mater, Trinity!
We're together to-day,
And to-morrow away,
Far away from our old Trinity!

'Neath the Elms of our old Trinity!
'Neath the Elms of our old Trinity!
Oh, its seldom we'll meet,
In the moonlight so sweet.
'Neath the Elms of our old Trinity!

Augustus Phillips Burgwin

LI

THE EVENTIDE

'TIS eventide—the glad day's prime
Is past and gone. The tuneful rhyme
Of birds is still. The sun's last beam
Fades in the sky as some sweet dream
Departs. The breezes gently blow
The murmuring branches to and fro
And lull the weary world to rest.
Ah! fairest time, forever blest,
The eventide.

Thomas McKean Jr.

LII

A SONNET

ONCE a poet wrote a sonnet
All about a pretty bonnet;
And a critic sat upon it—
On the sonnet,
Not the bonnet—
Nothing loath.

And as it were high treason,
He said, "Neither rhyme nor reason
Has it, and it's out of season!"
Which? The sonnet,
Or the bonnet?
May be, both.

"'Tis a feeble imitation
Of a worthier creation,
An æsthetic innovation—"
Of a sonnet,
Or a bonnet?
This was hard.

Both were put together neatly,
Harmonizing very sweetly,
But the critic crushed completely,
Not the sonnet,
Or the bonnet,
But the bard.

LIII

DRIFTING

THE moonbeams on the waves are bright,
As on we drift beneath the skies!
Yet far more beauteous is the light
Within thy loving eyes!

The waters ripple as they flow
To join the distant, tossing sea—
Yet sweeter than their music low
Is one word, love, from thee!

Ah, love! with no light save those beams,
No sound save what thou sayst to me,
I would we might drift down life's streams,
And never reach the sea!

William French Collins

LIV

THE REASON

"WHY do they call Commencement so?"
The maid beside me queried,
"Is it that you will leisure know,
By four years study wearied?"

"Nay, nay, not so," quoth I, "My dear,
'Tis then my work commences.
'Tis then I shape my own career
And — pay my own expenses."

William Porter Niles

LV

PREFACE FOR A NOVEL

NO lofty Muse for me this tale
Doth on a lyre diffuse —
I am a *liar* from whence it is
Delivered to a-*muse*.

Reginald Pearce

LVI

BLIGHT

YES, there were golden days —
Times when the purple haze
And the rose-touched wings of ships,
As soft as the sweet-briar's lips,
Had meanings plain to me
On land and sea.

When the sun drew up a breath
That had no hint of death,
From the ranks of the fallen grass,
Or the wide, rush-floored morass;
And the great trees shouted aloud,
The giant-boughed;

And Sirius blazed in the night
With a strange, mysterious might;
And the autumn twilight chill,
On the ridge of the western hill,
Made cities of somber flame
That had no name.

These sang in my soul, and said —
Ah! I know not what; it is fled —
But they told of the secrets of life,

And the prizes set for the strife,
And they showed me a writing clear,
Of wonder and fear.

But the writing is faded quite,
And the voices are still in the night;
The sun goes down in the sky,
And the ships go sailing by,
But there comes no voice to me
By land or sea.

I am young — it is not years —
And I prosper. I have no fears
For to-morrow's meat and drink;
But my thoughts within me shrink,
And vanish away to naught
Ere they are thought.

O Age, is the fault with thee,
Or is it rather with me,
That a poison has entered in
Till my thoughts are as water thin,
As brackish water to taste,
Spewed out in haste?

O strong wind! speak to me now,
Blow, battle against my brow,
Till my soul shall awake again,
And I, like my fellow-men,
Shall once more be in tune
With thy dread rune.

Henry Marvin Belden

LVII

OH, FOUNTAIN OF BANDUSIA

Horace — Book 3, Ode 13.

OH, fountain of Bandusia!
More sparkling clear than liquid glass,
Thy stream all bright with ruby wine,
And strewn with flowers should pass.

A kid whose horns have just appeared,
To-morrow shall be offered thee;
His eye in vain is bright for love
Or yearns for victory.

The offspring of the sprightly flock,
The joys of life he shall not know;
For soon his crimson blood shall stain
Thy waters as they flow.

The dog-star's heat can harm thee not;
Refreshing are these streams of thine
To oxen wearied with the plow,
And to the wandering kine.

Thou, too, a far-famed fount shall be,
Through one who sings the oak which grows
Upon the covered rock from whence
Thy babbling current flows.

Henry David Jardine

LVIII

LOVE AND MEMORY

"TOO few," you say, "the days for love to grow
Since face to face we met, for all sweet flowers
Come slowly to the light, and this of ours
Is but of yesterday!" Ah, say not so:
All kindly thoughts, and all we come to know
Of loyalty and faith, unfold our powers
For gentle love. He reckons not the hours
But builds on memories.

Long years ago
When my young heart thrilled at some poet's song,
'Twas you I reverenced in the heroine,
'Twas then, though far apart, we grew akin.
Does not the soul of Shakespeare's Imogen,
That pure and queenly soul, severe and strong,
Through your clear eyes look on the world again?

LIX

TWO FACES

A DREAM of swirling shadows. From the crowd
Of surging spectres, two swift shapes drew near.
Of one the face was calm; eyes stern and clear
As Truth's. From their sad gaze I shrank and bowed
My head abashed—I scarce knew why! Low-browed,
The other face. Lips twisted in a sneer
That seemed familiar. Strange!—And then for fear
I shrieked. The lean lips writhed and laughed aloud.

"Now who art thou? And thou? Seek not to hide
Your names, strange ghosts," I moaned. "Thyself," one sighed,
"Thine own true self, am I. And dost thou feign
To know me not?" Lean lips apart set wide,
The other laughed. "Thy other self," it cried,
"Am I."—And still it laughed, and laughed again.

Arthur Leslie Green

LX

THE SEA

HOW awful is thy majesty, O sea!
How terrible thy restless eagerness
That like a prisoned monster seems to press
Against thy rock-bars, striving to be free,
Yet never free, for bounds are set to thee
Such as thou canst not pass, O pitiless
Destroyer, in whose faithless, false caress
Destruction lurks with smiling treachery!

Aye, hurl thy smooth, green billows, laced with snow,
And veiled with gauze-like spray, against the land!
He, who created thee with mighty hand,
Bids thee thus far and then no farther go—
And thou must yield thyself to his command
And vainly toss thy waters to and fro.

James Goodwin

LXI

PROB. PHIL.

A MISS is as good as a mile;
A kiss twice as good as a smile.
Not to miss any kiss,
But to kiss every miss,
Will turn miles
Into smiles,
And smiles into kisses
From misses.
For the maiden who'll smile
Is a miss worth the while
If you're walking a mile;
But the damsel you kiss
Is worth two of the miss
Who's only as good as a mile.

Charles Edward Taylor

LXII

INTRODUCTION FOR A BOOK

O GENTLE reader, I refuse
To say my book I introduce
To you; since rather 'tis, 'tis true,
The book that makes me known to you.

But really better may I say,
When it is read and laid away
Upon your valued library shelf,
To you I've introduced — myself.

Reginald Pearce

LXIII

AFTER SUCKLING

WHY so pale and wan, poor Freshman?
Prithee, why so pale?
If Sophomores are on war determined
Will thy poor tears prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Thomas Henry Yardley

LXIV

CATHEDRAL WOODS

I KNOW a wood of tall and somber pines
Whose moss-grown trunks, no lesser tree among,
Mute glories form, by wind-blown cones o'er-hung.
Like some cathedral vast their shadowy lines
Stretch out in silence dim, like pilgrims' shrines.
No minster bell has in their stillness rung.
No lines of surpliced priests their chants have sung
To stir the calm the sky alone confines.

Pine needles o'er gray moss their brightest tone;
No painted window stains the lofty nave,
Where golden sunbeams stream, secure, alone,
And nightly while the darkening tree-tops wave,
The stars soft glimmer by the far off throne.
Oh, moaning pines sing masses that may save!

Charles Albert Horne

LXV

THE NEW FAITH

WHEN I believed that "God lived in the sky,"
And I was told, "the world was His and they
That lived therein," God seemed not far away;
But now He is withdrawn. Heartsick men try
To read the rocks and stones which certify,
"There is no God but Force and Law"—no ray
Of love streams from the firmament; no day
To come breaks brighter than the day gone by.

Is then Thy presence chamber far from men,
O God, in fathomless eternity
Beyond the scope of thought? Then more and more
We turn unto thy Son, the Christ, who bore
Our human griefs and walked within our ken
A man in Nazareth of Galilee.

LXVI

CONDITIONALLY

ETHEL asks me for a verse,
'Tis a bargain — I agree!
Yet before I can rehearse
Half your charms in one short verse,
Ethel, promise me —
If I do this much for you,
Grant the rhymster something, too!

I could praise your laughing eyes —
Say that nothing could compare
With the beauteous light that lies
Ever in your deep brown eyes,
Yet would it be fair
That I do all this for you
And have nothing given, too?

Not one glance! Your very smile
Is another's — not for me!
Can I sing your praises, while
Some one else receives your smile?
Ethel! Can't you see
How to make me write of you?
Grant the rhymster something, too!

William French Collins

LXVII

DEINE AUGEN

THUS have I gazed at times upon the sea,
When all its waves seemed melted in a blue,
So bright, so calm, that soundless seemed to be
The liquid depths of its sun-radiant hue —

Thus have I gazed, and yet thy tender eyes
Seem fairer, sweeter than the lustrous sea —
Seem clearer, lovelier than the southern skies,
Or shining sapphire's deep transparency.

James Goodwin

LXVIII

DEATH

"*Death is a Mystery.*"

I AM a mystery.
With hooded head,
And black robes that trail
And sweep,
With stealthy tread,
'Mid bowed men who wail
And weep,
I stalk — a Mystery.

Arthur Leslie Green

LXIX

ATLANTIS

Verses from the Class-Day Poem of Eighteen Hundred and Seventy

I SLEPT and dreamed; and while I dreamed there came
A lofty figure that beside me stood,
And gazed upon me; all my pulsing blood
Flashed hotly up at sight of her, like flame.

Strong brows drawn straight above deep eyes; a storm
Of long, thick tresses falling to her knees;
A face lit up with mighty purposes—
The crowning beauty of her perfect form.

. . . . . .

Her stirring words like some far trumpet rang
Through all the vacant chambers of my brain;
Then spread she her bright wings, and 'cross the rain
Of slanted sunlight flew, and flying sang:

"In paths of grandest harmony
The chanting months march 'round,
And roll through echoing centuries
A choral hymn profound.

"A matchless song of matchless deeds
And men of high renown —
Of splintered lances, shivered casques,
And valiant lives laid down,

"A strain that rings with battle cries,
Or sobs with women's tears,
That soars with flame-sped saints to God,
Or thrills with lovers' fears,

"A lordly lay of kingly times,
And many a splendid name
Of poet, sage, philosopher —
A hymn that ye call fame.

"To carve upon the cliffs of thought
The record of thy pen;
To dwell among the fadeless ones
For all the years of men;

"To sit, a monarch, high enthroned
Above the worldly din —
This the great guerdon, — this the prize
To strive for and to win.

"Oh, fame is not a paltry toy,
  A bubble, or a breath;
Thus man defies mortality
  And proudly spurns at death.

"Pervading all his wayward speech,
  One godlike tone doth run;
And human tongues may, speaking right,
  Pronounce the Lord's 'Well done!'"

Deep in the beauty of the morning skies,
  Her sweet song spent itself; but I awoke,
  And knew the vision for a dream, and spoke
Thus to myself in somewhat bitter wise:

"Nay, rather is that ancient legend true,
  Of fair Atlantis in the midmost sea
  Firm founded, rich with blissful greenery—
Right goodly, bright, and beautiful to view.

"A lovely land, where tinkling streams did pass
  Slow dropping to the shore, through twilight vales,
  Made musical at eve by nightingales
That scarcely paused at noon, so dim it was.

"There, underneath the shadows of old trees,
  From branch to branch great vines had twined themselves;
  Broad woodland reaches, haunts of fays and elves,
Were, not unfrequent, murmurous with bees.

"No jagged mountains, rough and cold with snow,
Did pierce the blue sky bending over all,
But smooth hills billowed up, again to fall
In little valleys lying just below.

"And no rude storm within that isle could rise,
The yellow sand ran down to meet the wave
That far away, on other shores, might rave,
But here sang ever slumberous lullabies.

"And never yet had mortal man with joy
Set foot, the poets fabled, on that shore,
But if one could, then unto him no more
His life would seem than some poor, trifling toy.

"Oh, blessed ending of the weary strife,
Thus to lose recollection of the world,
And in an atmosphere of dreams lie furled,
Apart from all that vexed thy troubled life!

"But yet, or that the earth had grown too vile
For such a paradise; or, some have said,
Because the old Greek gods were conquerèd,
And in their flight destroyed the beauteous isle,

"Atlantis disappeared beneath the surge;
And gloomily the great, gray ocean drave

Athwart that sunken country's mournful grave,
And wheeling sea-birds changed its doleful dirge.

"But he who with clear eyes and spotless soul—
If such there were among the sons of men—
Gazed west at time of sunset—then, oh, then,
He saw the hills of that dear island roll

"Themselves above the waste of waters wide—
Hills white and thin, a ghostly company,
And some there were who, seeing, did agree
To sail in search thereof until they died.

"And sailed and ne'er returned. But what befell
Those seamen—whether, guided by some god,
They reached that strand by ways before untrod,
Or perished dismally—I cannot tell.

"But this I know: that for each one, there lies
Some bright Atlantis in the misty sea
Of grand, successful days that are to be
His heavy labor's long desirèd prize."

Arthur Dyer

LXX

CUI BONO?

FOR what real good is it we grope and strive,
Stumbling among the tombs in this dim world?
All dazed and dream-struck hither we are hurled,
And pass again before we can revive,
Living like bees that winter in their hive,
Until at last in sleep again we're curled,
And our thought-canvas to the mast is furled
Before it feels the wind.

Oh, but to rive
This shell of dream-like impotence, and dart
Forth to a region where is truth alone,
Where the whole sum of knowledge is a chart
Spread out before us and the key our own,
Where that which clogs the soul can have no part
In life, but we shall "know as we are known."

Henry Marvin Belden

LXXI

JACQUEMINOTS

I SENT Babette some Jacqueminots —
They cost, I own, a "*V*" —
Enclosed therewith a bit of verse,
Which breathed fidelity.

Babette returned my Jacqueminots —
I seemed out just a "*V*" —
She scorned my dainty bit of verse,
And sent back both to me.

I sent the verse to an editor —
And fate smiled tranquilly —
His check just paid for the Jacqueminots,
He sent me back a "*V*."

Harry Safford Candee

LXXII

YE THREE GLADDE THYNGES

Reprinted from *Life*

I

OF gladde Thynges, two there be—
  Ay, three!
Ye Wine we, synging,
  Sip;
  A Mayde's redde Lip;
Ye Musick, sweelie rynging,
  To which gaye Dancers trip.

II

Of sadde Thynges, too, there be—
Just three!
Ye Ache of swelling
  Crowne;
  A darke Eye's Frowne;
And vain Regrets, upwelling,
  Which Synging will not drowne.

Arthur Leslie Green

LXXIII

NOON-TIDE

WHEN still and hot the sultry noontide lies,
I love to lay me 'neath some aged tree,
Whose leafy summits toward the heavens rise
High in the azure ether, grand and free.
I lie and listen to the fitful song
Of lazy shepherd in some sunny glade,
Which, softened by the distance, creeps along
And fills with lulling sound the quiet shade.

I hear the insects chirping in the grass,
Whose droning monotones the silence break;
I watch the straying sunbeams slowly pass
Which on the ground a golden network make,
Until the soothing hum, so soft and deep,
Has wooed my drowsy senses into sleep.

James Goodwin

LXXIV

RETRIBUTION

"*There were two men in one city; the one rich and the other poor.*"

THERE were two men — the first had but to nod,
And, lo! slaves trembled at his very feet.
Raiment of gold was his—yea, ointment sweet
His countenance made fair; the wine, slaves trod,
Rejoiced his heart. The other felt the rod,
The bitter scourge; ate what the dogs did eat;
Was spurned, rejected, cast into the street,
Despised of men to seek redress of God.

And vengeance comes! Already on the strand
The hoarse waves break and mutter things to be,
And yet, forsooth, we fear not, "*In this land,*
All men are equal!" Bitter mockery!
Blind souls who build upon the shifting sand,
Nor heed the moaning of the troubled sea!

William French Collins

LXXV

MARIGOLD

I LOVE confinement in thy bonds,
I love thy little stock to hold,
Thy very scent,
Aye, marigold!

I'll love confinement of thy bonds,
I'll love thy little stocks to hold,
Thy every cent,
I marry gold!

Harry Safford Candee

LXXVI

THE PITY OF IT

THE enjoyments we have forsaken
May entertain other men;
But the cuts that we once have taken
Can never be used again.

Charles Edward Taylor

LXXVII

THE PAST

THE darkening shadows gather, one by one,
Yet far above, when other light seems gone,
Bright in the beauty of the setting sun
A cloud floats on.

So when our hopes and joys fade into fears,
And doubt and darkness veil life's fleeting rays,
There lingers still the dream of happier years —
Of bygone days.

William French Collins

LXXVIII

WITHOUT AND WITHIN

TO stand upon the silent space-girt rim
Of the universe, and through its crystal shell,
To watch the star-world in its ebb and swell,
Filling the viewless basin to the brim;
To see with the soul's eye, no longer dim,
The hands that hold, the hid springs that propel
All in their courses true — were this to tell
God's purpose therein? No, nor guess at Him.

To float apart above our fellows' ken,
No longer of them but from all their joys
And sorrows severed — should we know them then,
Or view their lives more clearly from our poise?
Not so; but striving with them in the noise
And dust of life's great city we know men.

Henry Marvin Belden

ENVOY

WE put our fleeting thoughts in rhyme
To cheer our daily labor;
And some we set to dancing time,
Some to a "Marche Funèbre."

In years to come, when, older grown,
We smile at youthful fancies,
Perhaps we'd sigh, had we not known,
Ourselves, our own romances.

Then, if through Time's fast gathering haze,
We see some tender vision
Of by-gone, happy, college days,
This book fulfills its mission.